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CREEPING CAPITAL...
—John C. Cor

THE

Commonweal

Past and Present

THE CATHOLIC LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE DEBATE

by J. N. Moody

Five Spanish Sailors

by Lawrence T. King

Bette Richart Richard Hayes
Michael Harrington James Greene John Cogley
Alice Ellen Mayhew Philip T. Hartung

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Press Month, II

This is the first thing which should be required of a Catholic periodical: that, basically, it should not suggest to the non-Catholic, or even to the non-believing reader, that it is only written for the chosen, so to speak, for the saved, but also for all the others who do not yet live in the truth, but who still search for it. . . .

Of course, we do not recommend the taking of a wishy-washy position, nor the befuddling of the content of the Faith; on the contrary, we recommend its accentuation, but an accentuation of the whole, to which also belongs the living knowledge that Christ died for all men, and that, therefore, if we love Christ, we must love also those men who, deliberately or ignorantly, are outside the Church.

And that means, at the same time, that a Catholic periodical must never have a complacent tone, nor a condescending or pharisaical undertone, towards those who are not in possession of the truth—the truth that we ourselves have often merely inherited, instead of having ourselves acquired in order to possess it. For a Catholic periodical, too, has to search for that truth, which is its prerequisite.

From an article in The Commonweal
by Franz Josef Schoeningh, Editor of *Hochland*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

LIBERAL AND CONSERVATIVE CATHOLICS

WHETHER IT is used by Catholics or non-Catholics, whether the context is primarily religious or political, the term "liberal Catholic" brings in its wake an almost inevitable confusion. When a well-known Catholic layman was asked recently to address a group which wanted to know more about Catholicism, he was surprised to find that he was introduced as a "Liberal Catholic" quite as if this identified a particular, definable group within the Church. Naturally enough he found it advisable to suggest, as we often have, the possibilities of misunderstanding. In the term "liberal Catholic," he pointed out, liberal is not a synonym for "elite" or "so-called"; neither is it an antonym for "orthodox." And rather than say that the liberal Catholic was a particular kind of Catholic, it would be truer to say that he was a particular kind of liberal. This speaker was able to dissipate, for this particular group, the confusion which is generally attendant upon use of the term.

Not all who speak of "liberal Catholics" have the opportunity to define the term to their own satisfaction. Yet it will continue to be used; we have in our language no phrase to replace it. Since the term is firmly embedded, it is good to have two recent studies which help to place it and give it the meaning it should properly have in an American setting.

The broader study, *The Emergence of Liberal Catholicism in America* (Harvard), is by Robert D. Cross, a teacher of American history at Swarthmore College. Mr. Cross, who is not a Catholic, approaches his material, the struggles which did much to shape present-day American Catholicism, with a refreshing detachment. In his discussion of Mr. Cross's book in this issue, Father J. N. Moody points out certain risks in adopting the terms "liberal" and "conservative" to designate the various points of view in these struggles. The study itself, which overcomes these risks, makes clear, however, why the terms are dictated by the material, why the terminology of American controversy was part of the legacy of the religious debates which rent nineteenth-century Europe.

The other, related study is *The Great Crisis in American Catholic History, 1895-1900* (Regnery), by Father Thomas T. McAvoy, C.S.C., head of the history department at the University of Notre Dame. By concentrating on a briefer period, Father McAvoy is able to offer greater detail, more references and documentary material concerning the crisis of "Americanism" in American Catholic history. Here, too, the "liberal" spokesmen and the "conservative" opposed each other.

THOSE WHO are not Catholic as well as those who are can profit greatly from these books. They should make quite clear to any reader the wide range of opinion, the sharp differences, even, unfortunately, the deep antagonisms which can exist among Catholics. After reading these books no reasonable person would readily label the Church "monolithic." But the vigor and the strength of these debates will come as a surprise even to many Catholics. Laymen, priests and bishops were widely divided on many questions of the day which arose in mediating Catholicism to the New World, and they published their views widely in the secular and religious press. Each point of view had highly articulate and persuasive spokesmen.

Catholics today have much to learn from these controversies. The terms "liberal" and "conservative" will not fade from disuse, for, however confusing they are, they indicate certain permanent tendencies within the Church, if not, indeed, within all large organizations and movements. And those

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who identify themselves with one group or another will not regard the terms as merely descriptive. By some, for instance, "liberal Catholic" will be a term of honor gladly accepted, for it will suggest to them the hope that all things valuable and good in the modern world will be recovered and renewed within a Christian context. For those who disagree with "liberal Catholics," it will probably continue to be a term of denigration.

What is important to note is that "liberal Catholics" and "conservative Catholics" are not divided on essential matters of religion. These they have in common by virtue of being Catholics. But on many significant questions they have been and will be divided. In this sense there will always be a Catholic liberal-conservative debate. For as one set of problems is solved or superseded, others will certainly arise. It will be the obligation of each group to find articulate spokesmen. And it is this obligation which "liberal Catholics" should be particularly conscious of today when urgent problems arise and the number of articulate liberal spokesmen and journals is so small.

EXPLORER

PRESIDENT Eisenhower spoke for all of us when he greeted the news of the successful launching of Explorer with the simple exclamation, "That's wonderful." Everyone connected with the effort to thrust an American satellite into space—from Dr. Wernher von Braun, technical director of the Army's Ballistic Missile Agency, down to the anonymous workmen at the Cape Canaveral launching site—expressed a sense of jubilation at the Army's accomplishment, and a wave of mingled satisfaction and relief surged not only across our own nation but to every corner of the free world.

Aside from any of the hard facts in the missile competition between the United States and the U.S.S.R., the raising of our earth satellite was an achievement of great importance to our international prestige. The sputniks dealt a desperate blow to world confidence in American technical strength, and the newest satellite, although it is "made in U.S.A.," cannot cancel out the impact of the tremendous Russian demonstration; nevertheless, the Soviet feat has been answered—if not matched—and the force of "sputnik diplomacy" has been modified accordingly.

But beyond this real psychological and diplomatic force, what is the significance of the U.S. satellite-launching? For the most part, the conclusions forced on us last October and November by Sputniks I and II have been strongly reinforced. President Eisenhower and his Administration were badly mistaken in failing to foresee the psychological impact of the man-made moons, borne out again by the excited reaction to our own Explorer. They were mistaken in holding the Vanguard project to its trifling budget and in separating its "scientific" work from parallel military rocket programs. The realization of last fall that our entire defense program, and in particular the development of the ballistic missile, had been stalled for lack of funds and proper administrative support was also borne out. The Army's contention that missile progress had been held back by interservice jealousies and shortsighted economies has been strengthened by the impressive achievements of the crash program of the last few months, including the fact that the Army's Jupiter-C succeeded where Vanguard failed. It is significant in this connection that the celebrations at Cape Canaveral by Army personnel included demonstrations of scorn for ex-Secretary of Defense Wilson, who saw little worth in missile research and budgeted his Department in accordance with this view.

These mistakes have not been automatically rectified by the placing of our satellite in its orbit. The psychological defeat has been softened, unquestionably. But the fruits of the other mistakes are still being garnered. Our thirty-pound Explorer was pushed into space by a rocket with an initial thrust of 75,000 pounds. The rocket used for the half-ton Sputnik II must have had an initial thrust in excess of 250,000 pounds. In other words, the Soviet rocket, vastly more powerful than any the United States has been able to develop, is easily of intercontinental range. Some experts believe

NEXT WEEK

BERNARD G. MURCHLAND writes about the literature of despair, in the Catholic Book Week issue.

"The world itself stands in danger of hopelessness and absurdity. . . . The literary artist, closer to the common consciousness of men than the theologian or the philosopher, reflects the universality of this modern predicament with great accuracy and insight. He is the gifted chronicler of a world adrift; of a generation under the sign of death; of man in search of meaning."

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that the Russian I.C.B.M will be operational within a few months, while it will take us approximately two years to reach the same point.

Whether we are even now supporting our missile and related research program as we should is not agreed by all government officials. And certainly we have not solved the difficult problems of service organization and direction.

Concerning the success of our own earth satellite, then, we may take a proper satisfaction in its evidence of our progress, but we must beware of overvaluing its importance. The major effort is still before us.

SUMMIT PROSPECTS

AS THE SOVIETS redouble their efforts to bring about a "summit meeting" between Party Chief Khrushchev and President Eisenhower, the press is filled with forecasts that such a parley is becoming more and more inevitable. One of the constants in the Dulles foreign policy threatens to give way. By barring from the agenda such subjects as self-determination in Eastern Europe and the reunification of Germany, Premier Bulganin made certain that such a meeting could envisage no overall general settlement. And there appears to be no new disposition on our part to give any appearance of demarking the world into American and Russian spheres of influence.

The Russians appear to be eager to negotiate certain questions. They are still mindful of the propaganda value of their repeated invitations, which have been so successful in casting the United States as a nation that is unwilling to settle differences amicably, but the Kremlin does seem anxious to reach some agreements. Accordingly, explorations as to what the questions are—and what the Soviet Union's and America's approximate positions would be—are taking place at lower diplomatic levels. If enough bases for agreement should develop, a summit parley may soon be scheduled. If based on mutual regard for our respective strengths, such agreements—on which our allies would remain fully informed—could materially lessen international tensions.

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

THE SENTIMENT of anti-colonialism burns hot throughout the underdeveloped areas of the world and nowhere more ardently than in Arab lands, where the political divisions made after World War I to suit British and French interests still cause resentment. It would seem, however, that this merger was prompted by immediate present and future considerations.

It was, to begin with, a dramatic first step toward the creation of a long-sought Arab union or federation. It was a stride toward the encirclement of hostile Israel. And it may even have been a move to check the growing influence of the Soviet Union in Syria, where influential army officers have gone over to the Russian camp. Only this last possibility can yield a shred of comfort to the United States and the NATO and Baghdad powers.

The pressure is on for the other Arab lands to act or react to this union. The more remote kingdom of Yemen almost immediately signified an eagerness to affiliate with Egypt-Syria. The other Arab nations are openly invited to follow suit. The pressure will be particularly strong on Lebanon, whose economy is so heavily dependent on the transit of Syria's trade, and where the strength of the Christian and Moslem communities is fairly equally balanced.

The three kings of Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Iraq, who comprise our nucleus for resistance in the Arab world against the Soviet advance, appear to be primarily interested in perpetuating their substantial royal prerogatives and oil revenues. Is this a sufficient long-range motive on which to build the strength of an alliance? Should not infinitely more attention be paid to the conditions and sentiments of the peoples of these lands? The situation does have a disquietingly familiar ring. We appear once again to be pinning our hopes on those in power without due reference to the sentiments of their peoples. There is little evidence that we are using whatever influence we have to prevail upon their rulers and wealthy landowners to institute those measures which the deplorable extremes of poverty and riches in those countries make imperative.

The prospect opened out by this move, which the Syrians initiated and Colonel Nasser has now accepted, is one replete with perils. It is taking place in that troubled area which is the most likely place for the outbreak of another world war. It feeds all sorts of violent resentments: anti-colonial and anti-Israeli, as well as the desperation of the destitute and powerless Arab masses. It gives a strong boost to pan-Arabism. Under the present drift of international affairs the long-planned uniting of Egypt and Syria bodes ill for stability in the Middle East and peace in the world.

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LABOR'S *LAISSEZ-FAIRE* POLICY

LABOR is much in the news these days. Two items from a week's reading illustrate why some people see in the labor movement the great social hope for the future, while others can see only the most monstrous of domestic tyrannies. On the one hand, Walter Reuther continued his efforts to make capitalists out of the auto workers via profit-sharing—even if some already established capitalists think he will be the end of them in the process. On the other hand, a witness before the Senate Rackets Committee testified that one local of the International Operating Engineers Union which was controlled by convicted extortionist Joseph S. Fay was systematically milked of more than three million dollars over a period of years.

We have always believed that the Reuthers outnumbered the Fays in the American labor movement. We still do. But we have never agreed with those who feel that little or nothing in the way of governmental action is required to take care of the disreputable minority. Labor leaders in the U.S. have an understandable fear of governmental intervention into union affairs, instilled by past experience with hostile legislation and anti-labor courts. But we are convinced that for labor's own sake this opposition to even the mildest forms of government intervention will have to be modified. For one thing, labor's internal problem is too big for it to be solved without remedial legislation. For another, labor faces a substantial and growing public-relations problem; opposition to even moderate legislative proposals gives the public the impression that labor is not seriously interested in internal reform. Either point should be enough to make labor leaders stop and think.

For our part, we said some weeks ago that we favored the proposals put forward by Secretary of Labor James Mitchell to combat racketeering and promote internal democracy in labor affairs. They struck us as moderate and constructive, and we thought labor should support them, with suggestions for modifications if necessary. Instead, most top labor leaders greeted them with flat opposition. When it comes to union affairs, they made clear, they want no government intervention.

In this context, a recent press report about David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers, is of special interest. A vice-president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and long associated with the group pressing for internal reform, Mr. Dubinsky is now said to have broken with his colleagues by coming out in favor of the Administration proposals on labor reform. If these reports are correct, we hope this development will lead others in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to think again about the rejected proposals. A second look may persuade them that the Mitchell suggestions are not nearly as bad as their own press statements may have led them to believe.

TRIPS AND JUNKETS

TRIPS ABROAD by Congressmen on official expense accounts are not trips; they are junkets. This terminology is *de rigueur* in journalistic circles, and some of the papers will soon be having a lot of fun with the subject, basing their remarks on the *Congressional Quarterly* study of such expeditions in 1957. Maybe we're just getting mellow, but we are not so sure that the fun-poking is a good idea, or at least that it is done the right way.

We feel sure that some Congressmen have no more in mind than a free vacation when they take off at government expense. And we imagine the Senator or Representative has not yet been born who could avoid combining official business and a little politicking while he is abroad, by visiting, say, Italy or Israel or Ireland or any country to which a visit might mean a few votes among his constituents at the next election. But in view of the global responsibilities and commitments the U.S. has today, we are inclined to think that almost any trip abroad is an educational asset to our Congressmen, and many of these journeys are taken on important legislative or committee work. The leaders of Congress should see to it that a good thing is not run into the ground, of course, but we would hate to see so much fun poked at Congressional trips that no Representative or Senator would dare to take one.

A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS

ACCORDING to a recent poll, the nation's teenagers have dropped former idol Elvis Presley to an ignominious fourth position in their lists of favorite singers. And among the youngsters' top-rated singers this year—Messrs. Como, Sinatra and Boone—there is not to be found a rock, roll, shimmy or shake. If we may rely on the scores of newspaper pundits who have treated this subject, we can now look forward to an almost immediate drop in the incidence of juvenile delinquency. It's their theory, not ours.

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The Catholic Liberal-Conservative Debate

What should be the relationship of Catholicism to the American culture in which it has flourished so remarkably?

by J. N. MOODY

THE FRENCH Catholics of 1795 were faced with a momentous decision. They had just passed through a period during which the public position of the Church in France was decisively altered. In itself, this would have demanded a serious readjustment. But it was accompanied by the Terror, and an abyss had been created between the Church and the Revolution. Now persecution had abated, and a grudging toleration was granted to Catholics (the Decree of 11 Prairial III) provided they would take an oath "to submit to the laws of the Republic."

The conflict among Catholics on this issue was to influence importantly the entire nineteenth-century history of the Church in France. Père Emery, and a group who had assumed leadership of the Church during the Terror, proposed that the oath should be taken. This involved cutting ties of sentiment and interest with the Old Regime. It required that the Revolution be accepted as a fact, and that Catholics rebuild the Church with an understanding that what had been swept away could not be re-established. Emery argued for this course on the ground that the oath was completely consistent with Catholic principles, and that the old order was gone forever.

The second group rejected the oath, preferring to work with the apparatus which had been built underground during the Terror. They feared the Republic in any form, and maintained close ties with the *émigrés* who had fled France. Their nostalgia for an imaginary past and their remembrance of a real persecution made them intransigent in dealing with the problems of post-Revolutionary France.

Of course there is no true parallel between the historical experience of French and American Catholics. In this country we have had no privileged past to recall and no bloody persecution to forget. Yet when men face the new and the unchartered, they tend to divide along the lines of the French in the aftermath of the Revolution. So, in broad terms, were Catholics divided in the closing decades of nineteenth-century America. By 1889, the Catholic Church in America had reached the centenary of its organized life under its own hierarchy. While still harassed by aggressive Protestant dislike, it was obviously here to stay as a major factor on the American scene. It had grown steadily from a mere handful to about nine millions, with new recruits pouring in from abroad. It was winning attention from politicians, from employers, and from those Protestants who were less constrained either by orthodoxy or by inherited prejudice. The time had come to define the relation of Catholicism to the American culture in which it had flourished so remarkably.

To the author of a recently published study *(The Emergence of Liberal Catholicism in America.* By Robert D. Cross, Harvard, $5.50) the response of this challenge is the key to an understanding of the divisions in American Catholic opinion during these years of its greatest expansion. Mr. Cross has labeled the two positions "liberal" and "conservative," the former designating those who were confident in the future of Catholicism in America, while the latter describes those who emphasized those factors in American life which were unfavorable to Catholic growth. He sketches the conservatives' alienation from American society in these words:

" . . .They suspected that the future would be as bad as the present, if not worse. They doubted that human reason could discover important truths any more than it could discern better patterns of social life. They feared that men who were given unprecedented liberty and encouraged to unprecedented activity would do both society and themselves far more harm than good.

Father Moody, a regular contributor, is a member of the faculty of Ladycliff College, New York.

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They refused to believe that contemporary America was exempted by nature or by God from the evils which other nations had suffered throughout history. If anything, America was already in worse condition than most lands; it seemed plausible that the reason the Free Masons were less anticlerical in America was that they had done most of their deviltry long since.

"Hostile to the Protestant majority, suspicious of governmental enterprise, and averse to the active, melioristic spirit of the times, these Catholics met secular culture so far as possible only on their own terms. Their Catholicism was the symbol as well as the seal of their separation from that culture . . ."

THE AUTHOR involved himself in a certain risk in adopting these terms. It has been customary to use them as epithets rather than meaningful designations of varying points of view. For some "Liberal Catholic" is likely to arouse the picture of one who is betraying the cause, while for others "Conservative" will have the implication of an enemy of the fruitful and the good. But if we insist on these meanings, it is unlikely that we shall discover what the shouting was about in Catholic circles in late nineteenth-century America. Mr. Cross prefers to use the terms as tools of analysis, as means for discovering the problems American Catholics faced and the solutions proposed. His terminology is justified if it aids our understanding of the issues. It is my opinion that it does. Like Will Herberg's *Protestant, Catholic, and Jew,* this volume covers familiar ground. But it adds new significance to the material and makes a real contribution to an appreciation of our historical heritage.

Mr. Cross is presently teaching American history at Swarthmore College. He is not a Catholic, but he approaches his subject with unusual objectivity. He declares his debt to a group of Catholic historians at Catholic University, Notre Dame, and Yale. He is generally content to use their research along with published collections of letters and speeches and the periodical literature of the time. Within these limits—which will remain until much more work is done in archives and private collections—he has mastered the available material. He passes no judgment on actions and attitudes which he likes or dislikes. He knows that all American Catholics shared a great body of belief and practice which set them off from their fellow citizens. But he is interested in the conflicts among them which ranged over a great variety of issues. By adopting the terms "liberal" and "conservative," he does not pretend that he has shut up the disputants in watertight compartments. Individuals who might be expected to be found on one side of a particular issue sometimes appear on the other. But he is anxious to locate the substance of the division, and there is no question that he has shed fresh light upon it.

Some myths collapse in the course of the volume. One is that of Catholic uniformity, the specter of a meek laity dragooned by an authoritarian hierarchy which imposes a monolithic party line. No one within the Church could possibly subscribe to this nonsense, but it has its corps of believers elsewhere. Any of these who read this book will be disabused of their fear of a united Catholic front. Another is the belief that nineteenth-century American Catholics were an inarticulate mass which played a purely passive role during the nation's period of greatest expansion. The level of debate may not have been high, but silence was not one of our faults. Every cause had its champion, every group its vehicle of communication. It has been his patient work among these debates that has yielded the author his best material.

Mr. Cross begins his volume with a survey of the Church in nineteenth-century Europe. This is necessarily sketchy, and here, as occasionally throughout the volume, the terminology could be clarified. But the problem is set forth in the author's terms, and Cardinal Newman is identified as the greatest of the liberal spokesmen to modern culture. In the United States he classifies as conservatives those who refuse to believe that America was a happy environment for the Church. Prominent in the group are Archbishop Corrigan of New York and Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, most of the German Catholics of the mid-West, lay editors such as Arthur Preuss and Conde Pallen, and most of the male religious orders except the Paulists and Sulpicians. These wrote as if they were a beleaguered minority within the Church as well as within the world, but unquestionably they had solid support among the more recent immigrants.

"The onerous and occasionally thankless task of mediation" with American society was undertaken most successfully by Cardinal Gibbons, with the exuberant support of Archbishop Ireland, Bishops Spaulding, Keane, and Denis O'Connell, and with the aid of the Paulists and Sulpicians. All these felt that they had a powerful ally in Pope Leo XIII and urged the laity to join them in a variety of enterprises. But leadership in the movement remained overwhelmingly clerical, and almost exclusively from among those of Irish background.

A FUNDAMENTAL point of difference derived from the attitude to be taken about the Protestant majority. The liberals' position was summarized by the Paulist Father Elliott: "A Catholic without a mission to his non-Catholic fellow citizens in these times . . . is only a half-Catholic." Confident that the walls of Protestantism were crumbling and that Catholicism was the wave of the future, the liberals seized every occasion to expound the Catholic position. Bishop Keane accepted the invitation of President Eliot

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to give one of the Dudley lectures in the Harvard chapel although these lectures had originally been established to show "that the Church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that woman of sin, that apostate church spoken of in the New Testament." They applauded Cardinal Gibbons' temperate presentation of the Catholic claims in *Faith of Our Fathers,* and the missions of the Paulists to non-Catholics. The liberals had a unique opportunity to indicate satisfaction when Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Keane spoke at the Parliament of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, where the Cardinal prefaced his remarks with the statement that he was not seeking religious truth "for, by the grace of God, I am conscious that I have found it." The conservatives were shocked at most of this. They declared that human efforts were not very effectual in bringing about conversion and they had little faith that non-Catholics could be reached by written or spoken argument. For them, Protestants were not Christians with a part of the heritage of the faith, but "wolves" that could be aided only by prayer.

The liberals were also content with the American political arrangements which, they felt, gave them a fair field and no favor. For them a closer connection between Church and State than here existed invariably harmed religion. Conservatives complained that the American government showed little respect for the conscience of Catholics. The historian John Gilmary Shea described the founding fathers as "base driveling slaves of the old anti-Catholic bigotry and fanaticism, shutting their eyes to the light and full of fiendish hatred." The two groups took divergent positions on the problem of the temporal power which had been lost in the process of Italian unification: the conservatives urged that it be restored intact, the liberals preferred to avoid the question or to relegate it to the status of a local Italian issue.

The liberals remained confident in the capacity of Americans to use their political power wisely. They felt they could trust their future to the democratic institutions with which our nation was blessed. The conservatives were not so sure, and placed their faith in the power of the judiciary to check the "fanatics."

The liberals deplored the almost automatic identification of Catholics with the Democratic party and many of them strove to turn Catholic support to the Republicans, despite that party's refusal to disassociate itself from anti-Catholic movements. Basic to the liberals' political position was the desire to support American democracy and to insure that Catholics take their part in the definition of the popular will.

The liberals' acceptance of unqualified loyalty to the United States influenced their attitude toward the internal administration of the Church. They wished to wipe out the division of American parishes on national lines, believing that this Americanization program would make Catholicism more attractive to converts. Most of the conservatives, and notably the Germans, disagreed, and fought bishops who attempted to assign Irish priests to German parishes. This was one of the contributing factors to the pro-German movement, Cahenslyism, which the liberals strongly resisted.

The period of this liberal-conservative conflict was also the time when social reform became a factor in American history. The conservatives felt little sympathy with a program of social improvement because of their pessimism in regard to human efforts and their realization that effective social change implied cooperation with non-Catholic groups. To the liberals, these objections were invalid. But they were in a dilemma: their enthusiasm for things American made it difficult to criticize the free enterprise system or the social arrangements of the nation; yet their admiration for Americans such as Frances Willard, Booker T. Washington and Henry George made it possible to support their activities in practice. Besides, they knew that middle-class Americans despised the Catholic immigrant for his intemperance and poverty, and were anxious to remove these obstacles. Accordingly, led by Gibbons and Ireland, the liberals moved tentatively in the direction of social reform, though never with the passion that motivated Bishop von Ketteler or Cardinal Manning. But they did lead Catholics away from social passivity and towards organized labor as a means for improving working conditions. With even more enthusiasm they embraced the temperance movement.

In the field of education, both liberals and conservatives agreed that as long as the public schools remained determinedly non-sectarian Catholics would find them unsatisfactory. Both defended Catholic schools against the charge that they would destroy national unity. But in the late nineteenth century only German Catholics had a comprehensive system of church schools. The liberals were aware that it would be a long time before the Church could hope to provide a first-class school for every child. Practical men that they were, they rejected the worst reports of the public school system. They pressed for state aid for religious schools, but

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they were tolerant of compromises which might be broadly compared to our released time arrangement. Since the school issue, like many other issues, was intertwined with Irish-German rivalry, Pope Leo XIII sent Monsignor Satolli to investigate the school controversy in 1892. The delegate sided with the liberals in forbidding attacks upon public schools and in accepting workable compromises in the absence of an adequate Catholic educational system.

LIBERALS rejected as neither possible nor desirable the insulation of the faithful from contemporary currents of thought. Were Catholics to oppose intellectual progress, they would lose caste with their contemporaries, while confident participation would attract non-Catholics. Weighing the risks against the advantages, the liberals had no hesitation in deciding for participation. They agreed with Bishop Spaulding on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of Catholic University that "to be a Catholic is to be drawn to the love of whatever is good and beautiful, but also to the love of whatever is true." The University itself was the favorite project of the liberals and was founded over conservative opposition. They also approved the Newman clubs which the Paulists were establishing.

The liberals emphasized that God, in His ordinary Providence, expected the individual to show initiative and enterprise if he wished to deserve grace. In accents that sound contemporary, they complained of the failure to grant the laymen a proper degree of freedom. They wanted the clergy, in Cardinal Gibbons' words, to be ambassadors of Christ to all society. While advocating an activist program for American Catholics, the liberals made the mistake of lecturing their European fellows on the superior virtues of "the American way." These strictures were preached to European audiences by men like Ireland and made available to the reading public abroad with books like Elliott's *Life of Father Hecker*. Their missionary zeal was not well received among conservatives in Europe at a time when vigorous American imperialism was beginning to be feared. The climax came with *Testem Benevolentiae* in 1889 in which Leo XIII condemned certain opinions without declaring that a single American Catholic avowed them. This was a temporary rebuff, and it did not shake the central thesis of the liberals that the non-Catholic culture of America was redeemable. In a short time they seemed to be back in favor with the Pope, and they carried their faith and their confidence undaunted into the twentieth century.

This account of conflict among Catholics has much to teach us. The Church, like political society, probably needs both the liberal and conservative point of view. There is need of a group whose major concern is to apply the eternal truths to the ever-changing realities of history. And there should be another whose interest lies in the preservation of the inner core of revelation. At the side of every Thomas Aquinas adventuring into new areas of thought, there should be a conservative who would keep clear the lines of communication between the advanced positions and the base. Under ideal conditions in the Church, again as in every political society, there should be a fine tensional balance between the party of movement and the party of order.

This is not easily achieved in fact. It is disturbed when the debate over the issues ceases to be conducted on a calm and objective level. When name-calling is substituted for argument, when denunciation takes the place of ideas, when the purpose becomes not the solution of a problem but the discomfiture of the opposition, then the desirable equilibrium is lost and the cause of the Church suffers. Regretfully this has been as true in the American Church as it has been in American politics. When one observes Ireland's glee at Corrigan's embarrassment with McGlynn he realizes that the purpose of the debate has been lost. And when he finds conservatives protesting that to locate the Catholic University in Washington would expose innocent seminarians to contact with unscrupulous politicians and reads further that the same people objected to establishing Trinity College for Women so close to the University, he smiles, but wryly, that the discussion has descended to the trivial.

The value of the liberal-conservative dialogue can be lost by the absence of light, as well as by an abundance of heat. The mote in the conservative's vision is his inadequate sense of history. He is apt to insist on the abiding necessity of some factor which was introduced as a response to a particular historical need. He confuses "what is" with "what must be" since he has not the time nor the patience to explore the "what was." But the liberal has his own hazard: he has no criteria, beyond his own fallible judgment, to distinguish permanent advances in knowledge from passing fashions. Any institution which ignores the former insures its own decay; a church which moved with every wind of opinion could hardly fulfill its destiny. Yet who is to prophesy in Israel? A Lamennais may have had an amazing record of success in defining issues of ultimate significance. Not every liberal can expect to be so fortunate. Certainly when those in late-nineteenth century America foretold that every Catholic in Harvard or Yale would be a missionary to the Gentiles, or when they forecast that well-intentioned individual efforts would invariably result in productive harmony, they were somewhat wide of the mark.

YET ON THE whole it must be stated quite simply that the liberals have won. *Nearly* every position they fought for in the closing decades of the nine-

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teenth century has by now become a bastion of the Church Universal. Generally speaking, liberals have a great advantage; time does march on. If they choose their issues carefully, they will still have to bear the slings of conservative opposition, but time is on their side. Conversely, the conservatives have their special cross: as they energetically erect their barricades, the battle shifts to new terrain. There is irony, and tragedy too, in the Sisyphean labors of the honest conservative.

Since the American Catholic liberals won, they seem to deserve our applause. Besides, they were the more attractive personalities, as those on the winning side tend to appear. Gibbons is ever so much more appealing than Corrigan, Ireland less irascible than McQuaid, while no conservative prelate had the charm of John Lancaster Spaulding. But before we give the wreaths to the victors, let us take a second look.

Was the conservative position in the exact context of the late nineteenth century without merit? The advantage of a volume of this kind, which has no commitment to either side, is that it does justice to the point of view that has been discredited by the passing of time. The German Catholics of the Midwest, who provided the bulk support for the conservatives, might have been partially correct in their contention that the mass of uninformed immigrants, mostly peasants by origin, were quite unprepared for the plunge into the full stream of American culture—even were they permitted to make it by the dominant majority. A period of consolidation, of defense, a temporary withdrawal into the ghetto, may well have been necessary for the adjustment of the new arrivals to the American scene. And some of the institutions, forged during the period of withdrawal, have served well in the new conditions of today. Again, it is a matter of timing, of history: when does a justifiable position cease to have meaning? And here, too, the liberals and conservatives will not agree.

The word "liberal" is tricky. It is quite probable that Napoleon was the first to use it, and he certainly employed it to describe his system. It has been applied to all sorts of persons. It might even be ascribed to me if I expressed the hope that all would read this book and, with the hope, the confident prediction that the reading would elevate the level of discussion among us.

Creeping Capitalism

Walter Reuther's endorsement of profit-sharing may be a milestone in the history of American labor

by JOHN C. CORT

LET'S NOT beat around the bush. Let's come right out and say that Walter Reuther's endorsement of profit-sharing is the most important new development in the history of collective bargaining in this country.

On second thought, let's beat a little around that bush. Let's make it a hedge by saying that it will be the most important new development *if* Reuther and his Auto Workers are serious enough about it to force one or more of the Big Three—General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler—to write some kind of a profit-sharing plan into the next U.A.W. contract.

From the dawn of bargaining in America, labor unions have limited themselves mainly to a fixed and measurable *quid pro quo*. For about a century this reduced itself to a simple, straightforward battle over wages and hours. (We will limit this discussion ourselves to what are usually called "economic demands" or "money issues" as opposed to such things as seniority, job security, union security, or grievance procedure.)

Until fairly recent times it was popular in the more elderly A.F.L. circles to say to the boss, "Give us the money in the pay envelope and we'll take care of vacations, sick leave, insurance and pensions ourselves." Along about the thirties, roughly contemporaneous with the growth of the C.I.O., there arrived the first major change in labor's thinking about what should be in a union contract. It happened most naturally in those industries where one union represented large numbers of semi-skilled workers .

To begin with, it was evident that such workers could not save enough money to pay for such fringes as vacations and assorted varieties of health and welfare plans. It was also evident that by pooling a little money for each worker into one big common fund you

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could finance all kinds of things that would have been impossible by simply giving a little more money to each employee on an individual basis. This relies on the basic principle of all insurance, or the basic fact, that at any one time only a relatively few people are sick and even fewer die from their sickness. Given these simple truisms, it was inevitable that the labor movement should move onward and upward from wages and hours to paid vacations, holidays, sick leaves, maternity benefits, hospitalization, surgical benefits, pensions, and life insurance.

WHEN WALTER REUTHER extended this principle to cover the hazards of unemployment in his Guaranteed Annual Wage, it was really not as revolutionary a concept as many people claimed at the time. It was just more of the same. But it is interesting and significant that the idea was distasteful enough to Ford and General Motors to force them to come up with a revolutionary idea of their own, namely, to offer stock to their employees at half-price as part of a union agreement.

The U.A.W., hot on the trail of the annual wage, could not then be diverted from its path by the belated tossing of such golden apples. Besides, Reuther pointed out, and with some reason, "workers with the lowest income and those with the largest family responsibilities would have been least able to save the monies necessary for participation in a stock-purchase plan." But still it was evidence that one good idea, backed by muscle, begets another.

That was 1955. The contracts ran for three years, time enough to allow Reuther to do a little deep thinking. For a long time it looked as though the big move this year would be in the direction of a shorter work week. What was left of the Communist element in the auto union had been pushing this line for years. And all the anti-Reuther elements in the union, led by Carl Stellato, president of the big Ford Local 600, had rallied around this one simple and traditional objective. As a matter of fact, with growing unemployment and the industry operating at only sixty per cent of capacity, it seemed to make a certain amount of sense.

Maybe it was Reuther's pride that prevented him from accepting such a shopworn idea from his political enemies. Or his intelligence. Or the common sense that told him that in the time of the new Russian moon the country would not take kindly to a plan for less work. Anyway, he turned away from the shorter work week.

But where did he ever get the idea of profit-sharing? True, it is not exactly a novel idea. It has been around, in theory and practice, for years. There are at present some twenty thousand profit-sharing plans in operation in American industry, and nearly one thousand are being added every year. More than forty per cent of them are in union plants too. Profit-sharing plans cover about a million and one-half workers, or roughly five per cent of the employees of U.S. corporations. As Reuther, with some satisfaction, pointed out on television recently, two of President Eisenhower's cabinet, McElroy and Folsom, are from companies, Procter & Gamble and Eastman Kodak, that have pioneered in this field.

There is a growing Council of Profit-Sharing Industries that brings together yearly a group of industrialists who glow with missionary zeal and enthusiasm —some of them apparently with the conviction that profit-sharing helps to keep the unions out. Yes, indeed, profit-sharing has been eminently respectable. That was just the trouble.

Most of us remember back about 1937 when Senator Vandenberg of Michigan conducted an investigation into the subject of profit-sharing. It was a sympathetic investigation. But then John L. Lewis took the witness chair and sank the whole idea with a few heavy salvos. Lewis may have isolated himself from the labor movement since then, but he said on that occasion what most American labor leaders, and all the big ones except Reuther, believed then and still believe today.

Roughly it was this: profits are the business of management and the stockholders. Labor's concern is to get a living wage for its members. It has no business, and no desire, to concern itself with profits. If it were to do such a foolish thing, somebody might suggest that it also share the losses. And that it cannot afford to do. What he did not say was that he was afraid that profit-sharing might alienate the affections of union members in the direction of the company.

It is ironic that Lewis once referred to Reuther as "an earnest Marxist chronically inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." It's ironic for several reasons. One, because Lewis might himself be called, and with more truth, an earnest rugged individualist chronically inebriated, etc. Two, because Lewis, a former Republican, torpedoed profit-sharing for perfectly obvious class-struggle reasons. Three, because Reuther, a *former* Marxist, has now adopted profit-sharing for reasons which would be at home in the mouth of any slightly left-of-center Republican capitalist.

Well, maybe that's stating it a little too strongly. But still, it isn't hard to imagine an employer of the Paul Hoffman-Eric Johnston type saying, as Reuther said recently: "Labor and management have a great deal more in common than they have in conflict . . . We reject the whole concept of Marxism and the class struggle . . . Profit-sharing is the most effective way to expand purchasing power so that we can maintain a dynamic balance between production and consumption." If that's Marxism, I'll eat a copy of *Das Kapital.*

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REUTHER, of course, can't propose the simplest kind of bargaining demand without giving it global significance. He is probably the only living labor leader who would ask for more money and dress it up with the following world statesmanship:

"As a nation we need to raise our sights and get our values in sharper focus and to work out a set of national priorities that will put first things first. We need to strengthen our military posture. We need to expand basic scientific research. We need to do all of these things, but we need to do more. We need to raise living standards at home and we need to aid the underprivileged peoples of the world to mobilize their economic resources so that they too can share in higher living standards and can successfully resist the Soviet Union's programs of economic penetration and political subversion."

All of this is significant. Together with the $50,000,000 strike fund the U.A.W. is readying, it helps explain why this man is so formidable and why he makes so many people nervous, including many of his own fellow labor leaders.

There aren't many union presidents either who could dream up a profit-sharing plan and work the consumer into it too. Reuther's plan is this: all profits above ten per cent on net capital before taxes would be divided three ways—one-half retained by the corporation for its stockholders and executives, one-fourth distributed to employees other than executives, and one-fourth returned to consumers in the form of rebates to those who have bought the company's products during the year.

Reuther points out that executives of the auto companies have been enjoying the fruits of profit-sharing for many years. Last year, for example, Harlow Curtice, president of General Motors, earned $200,000 as fixed salary and $575,000 as a profit-sharing bonus. And the U.A.W. president thinks his plan is impregnable to the usual attack on the ground of "inflationary demand." Obviously, it isn't easy for management to show that this would force prices up when all the union wants is a share of the take after the gross has been toted up at the end of the year.

Reuther hammers the Keynesian theory which goes like this: what causes unemployment and depression is the fact that production gets ahead of consumption when the producers keep too much of the profits for their own use; what is necessary, therefore, is to keep production and consumption in dynamic balance by diverting a greater share of the profits of industry into the pockets of workers and consumers. This isn't a very good digest because I've finished it without mentioning the phrase "purchasing power," but you get the idea. It is probably the most frequently denied bit of common sense in the world today.

When Walter Reuther talks about profit-sharing he frequently uses the word "equity" and critics are already saying that it is a fine idea for management to share profits with the workers but that the workers have no right to demand it. In Catholic circles we can foresee the debates over that passage in *Quadragesimo Anno* in which Pius XI said that "by these principles of social justice one class is forbidden to exclude the other from a share in the profits." For this is exactly what Reuther is saying.

There will be those who quarrel with the translation of the Pope's words, which perhaps had a slightly different connotation in the original Latin. But few can quarrel with his meaning in the other passage where he said, "We deem it advisable that the wage contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership, as is already being tried in various ways to the no small gain both of the wage-earners and of the employers. In this way wage-earners are made sharers in some sort in the ownership, or the management, or the profits." It is a remarkable thing, but this ex-Marxist labor leader whose religious convictions, if any, are firmly Protestant seems to be well on his way to becoming the foremost spokesman for the Pope's ideas on the American scene.

Reuther has plenty of admirers, and not exclusively in the ranks of former C.I.O. unions either. Many of them are bound to do some fresh thinking about the concept of profit-sharing when they see it advanced by a man of Reuther's prestige, competence and dedication to the workers' cause. For a while I was a little worried that he might become too popular in management circles and thereby compromise his persuasive abilities in the ranks of labor. This was a needless worry. One Detroit industrialist, Lucas Miel, president of a small steel company and a former chairman of the Council of Profit-Sharing Industries, did welcome Reuther's plan and urged the auto industry to give it sympathetic consideration.

But the auto industry reacted in more traditional ways. Harlow Curtice called it "extravagant . . . extreme . . . foreign to the concepts of the American free enterprise system." L. L. Colbert, president of Chrysler Corporation, said, "Mr. Reuther appears to again insist that part of management's job be turned over to him so that he can increase still further the already dangerous degree of monopoly power he possesses." And Ernest Breech, Ford chairman of the board, called it "unrealistic . . . a kill-the-profits plan that, in our opinion, strikes at the roots of the economic system that has made and kept America strong."

So it looks like the old battle. But, as Reuther said, they fought pensions and the guaranteed annual wage in the same way. Eventually they accepted them, and even came to boast of them. And he predicted that they would yet be boasting of the profit-sharing plan. It could happen. After all, nobody enjoys a strike.

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TWO TRADITIONS

ONE NEED not wander far from the parish reservation to learn that there is a profound suspicion of the Catholic mind in American intellectual circles. Peter Viereck once said that anti-Catholicism is the anti-Semitism of the intellectuals and there is much in what he said. But I think that it would be foolhardy to dismiss the phenomenon as sheer bigotry. There is more to it than that. There is a failure of communication on the part of Catholics, an absence of true encounter.

It is interesting, isn't it, that the American intellectuals combine distaste for Catholicism at home with devotion to the Catholic culture of Italy? They love Italy for some of the same reasons that explain their distrust of American Catholicism. They admire the easy-going tolerance of the Italian mind and consider American Catholicism crabbed and narrow. They admire the *joie de vivre* of Italian life and think of the American Catholic as a joyless puritan. They exult in the Italian's happy acceptance of creation; from the American Catholic they expect a philistine-tempered censoriousness.

Catholicism takes many forms. The genius of the Church can be adapted to manifold cultures and human temperaments. I would not say that Italian culture represents the ultimate, the only pure manifestation of the Catholic spirit. The culture of Italy is peculiarly Mediterranean, a Mediterranean civility permeated with Catholicism. Perhaps in Heaven all good Catholics, and all good secular intellectuals too, will be Italians. But while we are still on earth it would not do to identify Latinity too completely with the Catholic spirit. I cite Italy here only to point up the fact that the aspects of American Catholicism which many people find most depressing are notably missing in one culture shaped by Catholicism.

Most of us do not have the good fortune to be Italians. But we do have the good fortune to be something else just as good; we have the good fortune to be Americans. We did not inherit a Catholic-shaped culture. Our traditions are basically Anglo-Saxon. One of the tragedies of the Reformation, from a Catholic point of view, was that this Anglo-Saxon spirit was largely cut off from the Church as was the genius of the Nords. Sometimes I think that our Catholicism—I speak here of course of the cultural thing—could stand a good stiff shot of the Anglo-Saxon genius and that genius may stand in similar need of Catholicism. Catholicism might blessedly temper the Anglo-Saxon tendency toward self-righteousness and chill "respectability"; Anglo-Saxon hardheadedness and regard for the relativities of history and circumstances might temper the present Catholic predilection for sweeping absolutes and naked essences.

There is something characteristically Latin about this latter approach to intellectual problems, a characteristic which may be responsible for the fact that the Latins who have produced political theorists of immense stature are woefully deficient in actual government; they who seem to know more than the rest of us about the meaning of human freedom have never been distinguished by their success with civil liberty. Their habit of thought has produced magnificent *summas* but, alas, few model constitutions.

But Nature was good to the Italians. Their predilection for absolutism in the intellectual realm has always been combined with a gently cynical realism about the affairs of men and an infinite compassion for the individual man caught in the human condition.

We American Catholics, who tend to use the Italian method in argument but lack the Italian's native sense of proportion, may have the worst of both worlds. We are earnest in the best Anglo-Saxon tradition but the earnestness is not redeemed by Latin whimsy or transformed by native compassion. We are as rigidly "essentialist" and absolutistic as the grandiose philosophers of the Mediterranean world but lack the ability to translate the vast Truth into small truths which is peculiarly a product of the British Isles. The results are not always happy. We can often speak the truth with nary a limping syllogism but we seem not to know how to make the truth loved; and after all the only thing one can do with the truth after he has it is to love it and use his gifts to make it lovable.

The Anglo-Saxon genius has known some of its greatest triumphs since it broke its ties with Rome, but it has suffered many losses, too. The culture which resulted from the meeting of the Mediterranean with the Catholic genius is a magnificent thing, a wonder of the world. There is reason to believe, however, that the power of Anglo-Saxon thought joined with the glory of Catholic wisdom might produce a culture equally attractive. And it is here that we American Catholics may yet find our true role in the history of the West. For in a sense the Catholics of the United States are the first group within the Anglo-Saxon tradition since the Reformation in a position to combine the two elements and restore the cultural balance. I do not mean this as any belittlement of the Latin mentality, which I love. But I love the Anglo-Saxon tradition too and it seems to me that there is a crying need for the Catholic spirit to be re-manifested through its mode of human wisdom.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Should they be treated as political refugees or returned to Spain?

Five Spanish Sailors

by LAWRENCE T. KING

AT SAN YSIDRO, California, a border station a few miles south of San Diego, the United States Border Patrol maintains a detention camp for illegal aliens. For the most part, the inmates are Mexican nationals apprehended while seeking jobs in the United States without proper clearance. They are usually held a day or two until their status can be checked and then turned over to Mexican authorities. At the present time, however, the camp holds five prisoners who have been in custody since July of last year—and their status is no clearer today than it was when they were first brought there.

The prisoners are Spaniards, former crewmen of two Spanish destroyers who left their ships at San Diego and crossed the Mexican border to seek political asylum. The fact that they are now in U.S. custody has raised a *cause célèbre* which has had repercussions in Washington, Madrid and Mexico City. And before it is all over, there is a distinct possibility the case will end up before the United States Supreme Court.

Interestingly enough, the presence of the five sailors in the United States is the direct result of the mutual security agreement between the two nations whereby our government was permitted to build and maintain air and naval bases on Spanish territory. As part of the agreement, the U.S. promised to turn over two destroyers to the Spanish navy. Then, early last year, the Navy Department instructed the Franco government to make arrangements to send over crews of "intelligent people capable of learning fast and screened to be of high caliber" to undertake training with U.S. naval units preparatory to taking over operation and control of the two destroyers.

The crews arrived in March and immediately were assigned to three months of training exercises with units of the Pacific fleet off the coast of California. During that time the Spaniards were granted shore leaves at frequent intervals in ports of northern California. There were no defections.

On May 15, the destroyers were turned over to the Spanish navy and commissioned as the *Almirante Ferrandiz* and the *Lepanto*. Flying the Spanish flag, the vessels steamed into the harbor of San Diego, where the officers and crews again were given shore leaves. This time twelve crewmen fled across the border into Mexico. Seven vanished into the interior and have not been heard from since. Two were arrested on charges of illegal entry and three others surrendered voluntarily in Baja California. All five requested political asylum and were detained in the border city of Tijuana until their requests could be acted on in Mexico City.

In all probability, the requests for asylum would have been granted and the case would have ended there, since the Mexican government, which does not have diplomatic relations with Franco Spain and still recognizes the Spanish Republican government in exile, has granted asylum to thousands of refugees from Spain. An unusual series of events occurred, however, which changed the entire complexion of the case.

A SPANISH-SPEAKING chief petty officer of the U.S. Navy, assigned to checking Baja California jails for American servicemen, came across the five Spaniards and was given permission to interview them. He told them he could arrange for their release to American authorities if they would consent to return to their ships. His offer was refused.

The chief petty officer duly reported this to his superiors. A meeting was subsequently arranged by American naval authorities—"as a courtesy to Spain" —with the commanding officers of the Spanish ships, the five sailors and Mexican and U.S. immigration officials. Although they were told that if they returned to their ships they would not be punished, all five sailors again refused.

Another meeting was arranged. This time, the sailors were informed that their requests for political asylum in Mexico City had been turned down. (The Mexican immigration official who was present at this meeting has since been relieved of his post, lending credence to the belief that their case had been misrepresented in Mexico City.) The sailors were presented with a parole order in English, a language which none of the five could read or understand, requesting their transfer to American authorities to be returned to their

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ships. The order was signed by one of the seamen, Enrique Medina, for all five. (In court testimony later, Medina said he was told the statement was for identification purposes and had nothing to do with being paroled to the United States.)

As far as U.S. and Spanish naval authorities were concerned, everything seemed to be going smoothly. But they failed to reckon with that nebulous and intangible thing called public opinion. News of the development was given prominent display in the Mexican press, which had been playing up the case in much the same manner as American newspapers treat stories of defections of Communist military personnel to the West. One Mexican paper had interviewed the sailors when they first requested asylum and ran a lengthy account of their travail under the headline, "We Chose Freedom."

The fact that the five were now being returned to Spain—against their will—aroused a storm of indignation in many parts of Mexico. Protest meetings were held, and at one such rally, in Tijuana, speakers denounced the United States Navy for "shanghai-ing" the men and showing a callous disregard for Mexican sovereignty. The Vicar Apostolic of Baja California issued a statement criticizing their return as a repudiation of Mexico's traditional policy of granting haven to victims of political oppression.

News of the incident began to appear in California papers and attracted the attention of the American Civil Liberties Union. A. L. Wirin, the A.C.L.U. attorney in Los Angeles, immediately obtained a *habeas corpus* order and naval authorities were enjoined from handing over the sailors to their Spanish commanders until the case could be heard in Federal District Court in Los Angeles. The men were ordered released from Navy custody and turned over to authorities of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and incarcerated at San Ysidro.

A week later—on July 19—a hearing was held before Federal Judge Thurmond Clark at which the A.C.L.U.'s request for release of the five sailors was opposed by the Justice Department, represented by the United States Attorney. He maintained that the United States was obligated to transfer custody of the men to Spain under terms of the 1902 treaty with Spain which calls for the return of crewmen "who deserted in one of the ports of the other."

On August 1, Judge Clark upheld the position of the United States Attorney and ruled that the men should be returned to their ships as deserters under the treaty in question. A notice of appeal was filed, and the judge granted a stay of execution of his order until the case could be heard by the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco.

The appellate court took up the case on August 12. The United States Attorney reiterated his contention that under the 1902 treaty the government had no alternative but to return the "deserters." The A.C.L.U. questioned the validity of that treaty, claiming it was negotiated with a constitutional government which has been superseded by a government no longer based on constitutional grounds. Furthermore, the A.C.L.U. contended that the 1902 treaty was amended in 1908 to exclude individuals seeking political asylum.

As for the charge of desertion, the A.C.L.U. took the position that the seamen were on legitimate shore leaves in the United States and that if any desertion were involved it occurred in Mexico and therefore did not involve any treaty commitments with Spain. Illegality was also charged in the transfer of the men to American custody from Mexico through the instrumentality of a parole order that was signed through misrepresentation.

Earlier, the Mexican consul in Los Angeles had informed Judge Clark that his government would grant the sailors political asylum if U.S. authorities would return them to Mexico.

IT IS POSSIBLE that the present government of Spain is not particularly impressed by these fine legal points, which are the essence of American constitutional freedoms. The fact is that the seamen are in American hands and the State Department is being prodded by Madrid to return them. And official Washington finds itself in the delicate position of placating a military ally while justifying its position of encouraging victims of Communist tyranny to choose freedom but denying that choice to fugitives from other dictatorships.

At the same time, the manner in which the sailors were removed from Mexico—aided and abetted, it must be admitted, by official ineptitude south of the border—has rallied public opinion in Mexico to their side and forced the Mexican government to take a strong stand against official United States attempts to return them to Spain.

How do the sailors themselves feel about it?

In their testimony before the court, two of the sailors, speaking through an interpreter, said they enlisted in the navy with one intention—to escape from Spain. They cited numerous occasions they had of jumping ship in American ports, saying they were interested only in getting to Mexico "where they could live again as free men."

One of the sailors testified that two of his brothers were killed by Falangists, that he and his family were forced to witness the execution of pro-Republicans in his native village during the civil war, and that his father was imprisoned for refusing to serve with Franco's forces. Another claimed he was forced to join the Falange and that when he quit he found it almost impossible to earn a living. All five said that until they

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enlisted in the navy they had never been able to earn enough to buy adequate food and clothing.

Asked whether they feared to return to Spain, all five answered affirmatively. They maintained that six years' imprisonment was the minimum term they could expect.

After two days of hearings, the appellate court took the case under study and granted an indefinite stay of execution of the order to turn the sailors over to Spain, until the court could render its decision and—if the decision were to go against the sailors—until the A.C.L.U. could appeal the case to the Supreme Court.

In the meantime, the five Spanish sailors remain at San Ysidro, behind barbed wire barricades.

THE SCREEN

FUN IN OLD BAILEY

IT'S A PLEASURE to have a civilized murder mystery and courtroom melodrama like "Witness for the Prosecution" on our screens again. Those who saw Agatha Christie's popular stage play may know too much of the solution for their own comfort and enjoyment, but they will still get a great deal of entertainment out of Arthur Hornblow's excellent production and Billy Wilder's direction, which is full of delights from beginning to end. The cast is first-rate, with Charles Laughton having the lead role as England's foremost barrister, recovering from a heart attack but unable to resist taking on a baffling murder case. Laughton never had more opportunity than in this fat part, which allows him to tussle with his client, witnesses, other lawyers and most of all with his nurse. Elsa Lanchester shines in this comic role, which was written into the movie by scriptwriters Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz, who otherwise tampered very little with the generally grim Christie opus.

Adding to the grimness are Tyrone Power, as the man accused of murdering a rich widow, a sort of shifty drifter whose case isn't helped any when it turns out he is well remembered in the widow's will, and Marlene Dietrich, as the defendant's stunning wife who first promises to cooperate and then becomes a thorn in the defense's side when she announces that her marriage to the accused was not legal and appears as a witness for the prosecution. The supporting cast surrounding these good principals are equally effective, especially John Williams as Laughton's assistant who doesn't agree with Laughton about Power's innocence; Torin Thatcher as the attorney for the Crown; Una O'Connor as the murdered woman's huffy maid, definitely prejudiced against Power. Under Director Wilder's crisp direction, the picture has fast pace and its well-written dialogue sparkles. "Witness for the Prosecution" is that kind of film in which there are so many surprises in the last ten minutes (almost too many; the kind that must not be revealed) that one can hardly keep up with them. The plot can't stand too close scrutiny, but it never bores.

TWO NEW imports from France may not crackle with wit, but both have enough assets to warrant your interest. "Gates of Paris" is surprisingly slow and tender for a Rene Clair picture, but it shows that the great director has by no means lost his grasp. The story concerns Juju, a middle-aged good-for-nothing who lives in the poor Borough of Lilas where his only close friend is a guitar-playing fellow known as The Artist. When a gangster-murderer who is escaping from the police hides in The Artist's basement, Juju persuades his friend to let him stay. The gangster's gun is also persuasive. The two men feel sorry for the hunted criminal and start taking care of him; and Juju, who wants more than anything else to be needed, almost mothers the young man. He protects him until he discovers that the ruthless, self-centered gangster is deceiving another friend of Juju's, the attractive daughter of the local bartender. Although it takes Rene Clair too long to tell this story, the film is very moving. Pierre Brasseur is excellent as the misguided good-for-nothing who wants so desperately to be good for something; and he is well supported by Dany Carrel as the young girl, Georges Brassen as the friend whose guitar playing adds considerably to the atmosphere, and Henri Vidal as the flashy gangster. As with all Rene Clair pictures, although the photography is beautiful, there is more than meets the eye. Episodes such as that in which we hear a man reading a newspaper account of the criminal act as kids playing in the street re-enact the crime and get-away make "Gates of Paris" worth your while.

ADMIRERS of Zola who saw "Gervaise" and "Nana" and who want more can now see "The Adulteress," which is based on *Thérèse Raquin*. Its story about the orphaned Thérèse married to her sickly cousin and living with her mother-in-law is quite grim. Director Marcel Carne spares no details in portraying Thérèse's love affair with the lusty truck driver and the drab aftermath to the murder of the husband when Thérèse lives with her aunt who has had a stroke. Although the cast, which includes Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone, Sylvie, Jacques Duby and Roland Lesaffre, is good, they frequently seem to be walking through assignments mainly to illustrate Zola's theories on environment and social corruption. The film ends on an ironic crime-does-not-pay note, but no ray of hope shines through the sad lives of these folk.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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THE STAGE

IN OUR TIMES

THE SOLID square of pain which hands unknown have hewn from Mr. Meyer Levin's novel ill detains the mind; "Compulsion" in the theater arrives at neither heat nor light. What it offers rather is the montage of a *fait divers,* often brutal in its assault, racy at the outset but decelerating into a sluggish numbness. Detail proliferates—vivid smears of nervous documentation—but nothing can redeem the kind of ingrained functional dreariness which is the drama's mode. Mr. Levin's intentions, of course, lie elsewhere than with texture or with style; indifference to them he might indeed take as an honorific sign. Psychological inquiry is his enterprise, and a distinguished one, could he but fashion some knot to link us to the obscene skein of horror which is his point of departure. That would be the Loeb-Leopold case which, as substance, is no less accessible to theater than the savage experience of Greek myth; what alone might make this possible, however, is some reverberant consciousness in which connections could be felt. Psychoanalytic theory, at the depth it is displayed in "Compulsion," is not yet this universal solvent, nor is that tiresome and specious concept of collective responsibility, "we are *all* guilty"—surely the most impertinent of the clichés of social moralism.

As a theater occasion, "Compulsion" offers another of Mr. Peter Larkin's fluent settings, and a performance by Mr. Roddy McDowell which is full of schizoid irruption and a terrible kind of detached gaiety. Mr. McDowell's animation of his fantasy world is the only point at which "Compulsion" achieves a maturity of interest. Mr. Frank Conroy has lately resumed his role of the defense attorney—a sketch of the rationalist saint, Darrow—and doubtless his intensity relieves the part of some of its flatulence. I regret so perfunctory a response to an event into which, obviously, a quantity of moral energy (however crude) has gone, but "Compulsion" induced in me a featureless lassitude which can only be registered, not described. *(At the Ambassador.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

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COMMUNICATIONS

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: This is a minor point, but Mr. Wilhelmsen states [Jan. 3] that Christopher Dawson quotes "with pride" the words of Orosius: "Everywhere is my country, everywhere my law and my religion. . . ." In his essay "St. Augustine and His Age," Dawson does quote Orosius to this effect, but he does not quote him with pride. He quotes him with reservation. After making the quote, Dawson adds:

"But this new far-seeing spirit of Christian patriotism was confined to a small aristocratic circle, to men of letters like Prudentius and Paulinus of Nola. The average man who felt the heavy hand of the tax-gatherer and the quartermaster could not take so wide a view. . . . The Church, as the representative of the poor and the oppressed, could not be a whole-hearted supporter of the existing order. . . ."

The point is that it is misleading to assume that Dawson gives assent to, and is in accord with, Orosius' enthusiastic union of Roman State and Christian Church. The defects in the Roman State, morally speaking, were such that the Christian could give allegiance only cautiously and up to a point. To suggest that Dawson views a coupling of Roman State and Church "with pride" is to sell him, and the early spirit of Christianity, a little short, I think—something, I am sure, Mr. Wilhelmsen has no intention of doing.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

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Not Problems, But Mysteries

A GLASS ROSE. By Richard Bankowsky. Random. $3.75.

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

THE MAIN CHARACTER in *A Glass Rose* accuses himself, at death: "You are there between the sign of the cross and the final Glory be to the Father just as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. . .." What lies between? The drama of man, love, evil, hate, poses no problems, wrote Marcel; they are mysteries that envelop us; we are enclosed in them. The content of these mysteries is eternal and inexorable: the story that takes on a thousand different shapes and forms but is always the same.

Mr. Bankowsky is telling the story of Stanislaw Machek, who leaves his native Poland with his wife and her two brothers for the New World. His wife bears him five daughters, five sons die (fulfilling his father's curse), love lessens, one of the brothers becomes a mendacious hypocrite who corrupts one of Stanislaw's daughters, the other a drunkard. Four of the daughters marry; Stanislaw becomes foreman. The dramatic display in these lives is the lack of love. Only here and there a hint, but those who seem capable of love are ineffectual, rejected or uncomprehending.

Stanislaw, about whom the story revolves, remains the unknown quantity, the man in the existentialist dilemma, as he witnesses or causes the great dramas of love and hate that tear through his family. Can he understand? Can we? "You are my wife and you do not know anything," he cries. "Do you know what is inside me?" One by one the material symbols of happiness disintegrate. Drunk and out of his mind, he rapes his daughter. His wife loses her mind, he is destroyed, but the girl is propelled by a hellish, enigmatic route into the salvation of real love.

On this foundation, Mr. Bankowsky has constructed an ambitious superstructure: a multileveled allegory of the joyful and sorrowful mysteries of the Redemption. "And it happens to all of us only in different ways—a little joy, a little sorrow, and the hope for just a little glory. . . . You would think some of us would begin to understand it." Each joyful and sorrowful mystery has its ironic or tragic counterpart in the lives of these people which illustrates how profound, complicated and agonizing is our failure to recognize the perennial mysteries as they touch us. But though the irony is devastating, it is real. What was once done with perfect love plays through these lives thwarted and contorted by our humanity.

There is a superstitious *annunciation* before the father sins against his daughter, a cynical *visitation* when one sister refuses asylum to another. One sister watches her father's agony uncomprehendingly, another joins his tormentors in his stoning-scourging. The wicked brother betrays him for seven hundred dollars and hangs himself. Stanislaw drives toward his own death begging to be delivered *to* evil, Hell's respite, but pursued by the Hound of Heaven. "They will try to drag you into heaven. They will say it is the law." The symbols of love are present at his death, almost miraculously. Twenty years later the fifth mystery of joy is completed when the glass rose (symbol of love) is returned to Stanislaw's grandson and, through him, to the daughter he lost.

There is a beautiful portrait of the self-made, garment industry Jew who redeems the violated daughter after she has spent her three days in hell. It is he who understands the character of love, who always asks for but never really needs reasons. He is humble in the face of love. (Pray for us, sinners.) And, because he doesn't question, love seeks him out, chooses him. He need not know why the miracle. "Look in your telescope and tell me about the stars," he says, "and

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if they say Harry's not happy, you tell them to go to hell."

The mysteries of glory are not portrayed, but they are present throughout in hints. At the end, the ladies of the confraternity leave Stanislaw's wake without praying the glorious mysteries. They are prayed, nevertheless, if only in part, by love—inscrutable and divine. ". . . is now and ever shall be."

On the story level Mr. Bankowsky is most successful. He has supplied a plethora of detail and a cadence that gives atmosphere and sensitive understanding to the lonely destiny of the immigrant. And he has used well some difficult devices. The story is told in the second person *to* the twelve participants. Thus, the author points the accusatory finger, heightens the passion and illustrates the blindness. But by injecting himself between the reader and the subject, he finds an all too convenient method of restoring the perspective of a confusingly delivered narrative and of underlining the symbolism which is overdone and conflicting on many levels so that it assumes the proportion of a major literary device. Having set himself a staggeringly difficult task in his first novel, Mr. Bankowsky has overcomplicated a brilliant idea and a beautiful style.

Rilke's Angel

POEMS: 1906-1926. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by J. B. Leishman. New Directions. $4.75.

By BETTE RICHART

THE LEIT MOTIV of Rilke's intensely private revel of love is *Ein jeder Engel ist shrecklich* (every angel is terrible), a difficult statement for our poetically cynical century. Where does one begin about angels? The one at our elbow is at least as alien to most of us as those dancing on the head of a pin, presumably, in the Middle Ages. The guardian angel of our childhood prayers is an over-simplification of Rilke's *shrecklich* one. Who, then, is this watcher over the mystery of our self-head, the secret analyst of all our days?

In this new collection of minor poems, the personality and identity of the angel is still the quaintly central problem. It is not a significant addition to the Rilke literature, but it is at least a reminder of mysteries easily overlooked because we want, in art, explicit joys; love poems, perhaps, but hardly poems about angels. Rilke's angel is a composite of all Empson's types of ambiguity, a concept so arresting that it matters very little whether he appears in a major poem or in fragments like these. He is not the angel of theology in any sense, and his image is interchangeable with that of the beloved in the early poems. "I never held you and therefore I hold you fast" was Rilke's immature summary of the means of securing both angels and lovers. Mr. Leishman says of the one year Rilke spent with his wife, "If only he could remain poised upon a kind of perilous but infinitely stimulating brink, falling, but never quite fallen, in love."

The moment on the brink of significant experience, in Rilke's mystique, is presided over by the angel, who is the initiator of insights, poems, paintings, prayers and love. He is the symbol of our compulsion to know reality, a terrible compulsion, since we cannot, in either Rilke's or Eliot's terms, bear very much of it. Insight and suffering are interchangeable words in Rilke's vocabulary; in one of the most charming of these new translations, he says: "We have one thing in common: I go on within my solitude, and you are there. That's all I know of either of us two. And yet, maybe, there is an angel who still finds us almost past distinguishing: and he will know if we are suffering."

The moment of insight which belongs to the angel is a turning point, "a point where, if we can hold out long enough, misery will turn into blessedness, peril into protection, and every other negative into its positive." Mr. Leishman properly considers this a precursor of German existentialism, though Rilke himself could hardly have seen it in that light. He was not a philosopher in even the most elementary terms; his dearest and least critical friend thought his view of life "silly." "But he was a great poet," Kassner added. "He was a poet even while washing his hands." He was even more a poet while looking at pictures; the view of Toledo was an "inscape" to him as a field of primroses was to Hopkins. He appropriated that weirdly lighted scene as his private stage, and it seems inevitable that behind El Greco's tortured clouds should lurk a Rilke angel, if only we could see.

But in his excellent foreword Mr. Leishman calls attention to the psychological danger of this baroque companion—an obvious danger: the angel, after all, is as likely to become an instrument of escape, as if insights were a delusion standing between the artist and his life, a compensation for non-spontaneous, compulsive living. Rilke's "insight" was an isolating intensity of perception, not really the vision of charity. "My patience is not the patience of love," he said, and his angel is notoriously indifferent to the problem of good and evil. This indifference has long perplexed serious students of Rilke, and Mr. Leishman wisely does not attempt to explain it. To Rilke sin is simply dullness and inaccuracy, as it was to Yeats; "we do not encounter the sinner but the failure."

Harry Stack Sullivan, the true stylist of contemporary psychiatry, considered the touchstones of cleverness and dullness to be neurotic and limiting criteria of an ailing century. Yet the concept of brilliance was actually to Rilke a moral value, and love merely a form of delicately perfected discrimination, an effort and an art; a minuet, precise and grave, of angels. It is possible, as Mr. Leishman says, to write very great poetry about illusions.

Nevertheless, if an illusion is indestructible, it becomes, in art, a new and ironical reality, like Ibsen's wild duck or Chekhov's sea gull, the symbol without which we are too vulnerable, the symbol of our sad inevitable ambivalence toward

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truth. Auden has said that only those who love illusion, and know it, will go far. To me, Rilke's angel is saying the same thing: being always there, though never visible, he must be recognized. We shall never be free to ignore his promptings; if we do, he will waylay and bless us on the stair. His mercy is our reprimand, creating a tension of tenderness exactly like the tensions of love. In the relationship of lovers, the interplay, the area of ambivalence, is all. So it is between Rilke and his angel, who must be resummoned perpetually, "not by tears, but by your humble resolve to be always beginning." It is the most difficult of all resolutions to sustain, with or without the help of angels, but in love, as in art, the most formally beautiful of all disciplines: to leave the past without tears and welcome the future with humility.

Unique Magic

A TOUCH OF THE SUN. By William Sansom. Reynal. $3.50.

By JAMES GREENE

WILLIAM Sansom was once described by a British reviewer as a "magician." There is much truth in the remark, and certainly there is enough conjuring in Sansom's latest book of short stories to bear out the description.

But the Sansom magic is unique in that it works both ways: not only does it make the unreal seem real, it also presents to the reader that real world's bend toward unreality—the refracted view which transforms fact to experience, information to wisdom, and preserves the dignified and silent mysteries of inanimate things.

For the dozen stories in this book are inhabited by things as well as by people. Balancing the human events of the stories are the emotions, or—to say with Virgil—the tears of things. Before this shimmering backdrop, Sansom's characters move with an easy narrative grace uncommon in modern fiction. The danger is that at times the background tends to overwhelm the character; to Sansom the human salt is only a cup of the world's great briny sea.

Hence, to some extent a preoccupation with the *whole* scene lessens the dramatic impact of the stories and reduces them to the subservience of little "plots" in travelogues. From Susan Haines, a petty flirt on vacation in Venice who causes the death of a young gondolier, to the ponderous Ludwig DeBroda, an Austrian determined to preserve the spirit of imperial Vienna, Sansom's characters always find time to stop at museums, take shopping tours, or enjoy the mountain scenery before hurrying off to their respective dénouements.

But in most of the stories the author keeps the animate and inanimate in balance. The locales vary—a London barbershop, the Luxembourg Garden, a Parisian post office—and through them each character searches for his own form of security. "Security" may be the death of an enemy, the consent of a lover, a return to the past. None of the characters is successful in finding it but the proximate contentments of pursuit are there, as they are on Keats' Grecian urn.

At his best Sansom can encircle his total purpose with a single poetic line. There is, for instance, his open-voweled description of the winter sky in DeBroda's Austria as having "a smiling sense that all occasional cries were welcomed upwards and like birds embraced in the sunlit echo of the upper air." But he can also mold the solitary

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sentence to an intimacy with a story's dominant mood, giving it the rhythms of impending disaster. After describing the sharp black eyes of Susan Haines, he writes: "This sharp black was repeated in the eyelids, black and thick so that in fact the presenceless pale eye shone from the image of an eye drawn stronger than life." No joy can follow such a line. No joy does.

Because of his special gift, Sansom deserves to be better known in this country. He is, in any case, building in England an enviable reputation that is bound eventually to be transplanted here.

At the risk of ending on a negative note, I mention that nothing could serve the author less than his publisher's declaration on the book's dust jacket that "instead of going to a university, he [Sansom] traveled extensively on the continent." This particular form of inverted snobbery is extremely silly. University students are not barred from traveling on the continent and Mr. Sansom is no diamond in the rough. Fortunately, the dust jacket is detachable and Sansom's fine volume remains unimpaired.

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Another Record

THE NAKED GOD. By Howard Fast. Praeger. $3.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

AT ITS height around the end of World War II, the Communist Party of the United States had over eighty thousand members and perhaps a million sympathizers. Its people were in positions of leadership in almost a third of the C.I.O. unions, and there were countless related institutions — publishing houses, folk-singing groups, even a Communist fraction in the back-to-nature movement. Today, the Communist Party is a tiny, totally discredited sect which is certainly under five thousand in membership. And it cannot even maintain the *Daily Worker*, which recently closed down.

How did this change come about? In part, it was the result of a relentless, and sometimes undemocratic, persecution of the Party and its members by the United States Government. But the decisive blow did not, of course, come from without; it developed inside the Communist world, first in Khrushchev's famous "secret speech," then in the grim and terrible reality of the Russian murder of the Hungarian Revolution. And those who left in this period did so not out of fear of reprisal: indeed they were the hardened cadre of the Party, those who had gone underground or to jail, who had withstood the Federal repression. In short, the Communist Party disintegrated when its basic lie, its image of Russia as "socialist," was revealed in all of its reality.

But why, many ask, did these people stay in so long? For years they devoted themselves with a courageous selflessness to the defense of totalitarianism, to the propagation of untruth; they were involved, however good the intentions of some, in a complicity with tyranny. Again: why? Howard Fast's new book, *The Naked God*, is an attempt to answer this perplexing question and it is the work of a writer who was part of the process himself. It is not a good book, but it is an interesting book. It bears all the marks of its genesis as a magazine article, it is clearly a hurried job, yet it is of considerable worth as a raw document of the Communist emotion, as a record of faith and apostasy toward truth.

Fast's main point is certainly a fair one. For him, his commitment to the Communist movement and that of others like him was "not the stupid prancing of the cloak-and-dagger boys on the T.V. screen, not the foolish talk of the conspiracies to overthrow the government of the United States by force and violence, not the fevered inventions of the sick minds of professional witnesses—but something so much deeper, so much more terrible, more intimate, more human and more decisive to mankind." In other words, a deep complex of factors drew the Communist to the Party and, perhaps most often, motives of social concern, of sympathy for human beings, were the instrument of making men the obedient servants of anti-freedom.

One of the reasons why so many of our fictional images of the Party fail completely is that they miss this fact. In the "anti-Communist" movies, the Party members are almost always dupes or Machiavellians and therefore quite uninteresting. There is no hint of the deeper, more paradoxical, aspects of adherence to Communism. But then, Fast's major point still leaves us with a tremendous question unanswered. Granted that the *initial* motivation toward the Party was, often enough, sincere and honest, how did the members maintain their

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conviction in the face of the evidence?

To answer this, we can postulate an incredible naiveté, an innoculation against reality, a blindness which cut off, not merely the Russian reality but the actuality of life in the Party, the senseless, authoritarian, undemocratic day-to-day life of the member. (Fast was on trial for expulsion several times; he had to worry what Communist hacks thought about his novels.) And here, I think we can only speak in terms of some kind of a faith. It is, I think, a dangerous oversimplification to speak of world Communism as a "secular religion," as a "heresy" (it is a *social* movement above all else); yet it is true that the individual commitment often had a religious character. In a turbulent and a cruel world the faith in Russia was a rock-like point of orientation, or, perhaps better, an opium which functioned as Marx had said religion did, which made the intolerable human tragedies of our time meaningful in the sense that they led toward Communism.

Fast, as I mentioned above, does not really plumb these complex problems of motivation. He records, with fascinating detail, the quality of life in the Party, the process of coming to the truth. And some have said of his report, why should we listen to him since he, by his own admission, spent so many years in the service of tyranny? These people are wrong. We cannot equivocate on the question of Communism, and we must help the ex-Communist to a deeper knowledge of the Russian and Communist reality, but we must also reach out our hand to them. For, as Fast's book makes clear, they are capable of moving, of suffering; they are human, and that should be decisive for us.

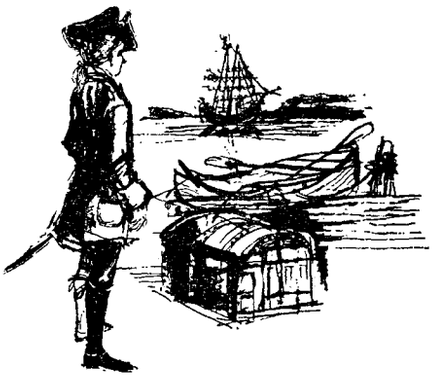
REVIEWERS

Alice Ellen Mayhew reads and analyzes manuscripts on a free-lance basis.

Bette Richart, a poet and critic, is a frequent contributor.

James Greene is European editor of *Business International*.

Michael Harrington writes on political and cultural matters for several American journals.



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